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Windy Leaves

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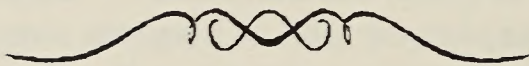
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The Wide Eyed

The wide-eyed night peeks in on me
bare and shallow
for me she sees
I am the night and she is me
barren archer
Luna come into me
sequined gown on cobalt blue
I will be the second moon

By: Nissa Holtkamp

Windy Leaves



Late at night
Watch them rally under the streetlights
Rushing in great masses
Up and across the street
Through yards
Peasants rolling like cannon balls
In revolt
They scuttle, snickering, flying.

By: Jenny McBride

*"I dance to the tune that is played."
- Spanish Proverb*

